they wouldn't give her, whether she

30-inch Colonial Dress Fab rics worth 12½c per yard, will

10 YARDS FOR 60 CENTS.

36 inch Wool Pin Checks, gray and brown combinations worth 50c,

NOW 25 CENTS PER YARD.

86-inch Ladies' Habit Cloth all solid colors, worth 50c, NOW 25 CENTS PER YARD.

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Ladies' Quilted Cottonette Skirts, 50c; worth 75c.

Ladies' extra Quilted Cottonette Skirts, 75c reduced

LADIES' BLACK QUILTED

MOHAIR :-: SKIRTS!

L	\$2.00	Reduced	from	\$3.00
	\$2.50		**	\$3.50
	\$3.00	"	44	\$4.00
	\$4.00	**	**	\$5.00

LADIES' FINE BLACK

\$4.00 Reduced from \$5.00

\$5.00 \$6.00 \$6.00 \$7.50 # \$9.00 \$7.50 \$8.50

CHILDRENS' Hats and Caps

In Cashmere, Plush, Silk, etc., at reduced prices.

1200 Pair Ladies' fine fast-ack Hose, full thished imported goods, all sizes, at

25CAPAIR brice, 40c.



WORTH 25c.

800 Ladies' fine sheer White Handkerchiefs will be on display this week only

At 12½ Each Reduced Prices.

LADIES' and CHILDRENS'

At Reduced Prices.

Vests and Drawers, all Wool At 75c each worth \$1.00 At \$1 each.... worth \$1.50

At \$1,50 each...worth \$2.00

Ladies' Ribbed Merino Vests at 50c, worth 75c.

Children's Scarlet Wool Shirts and Drawers at 50c each, worth 75c and \$1.

Children's White Merino Pants and Vests, an assorted lot, at 25c each; worth 40c.

LADIES'

All sizes, in White Ribbed, White and Gray Knit, at

300 Pairs go on sale at

Heavy Reductions

\$2	00	Blankets	go	for	\$1	50
3	00	74	4.4		2	25
4	00	44	"	6.6	3	00
5	00	5.5			4	00
6	00	5.6	"	4.4	5	00
7	50	4.4	**	**	6	00

350 Bed Comforts will go Dear Gazette: at the same reductions.

Crochet Zephy Fascinators, assorted colors, at

\$.50	Worth\$.75
	Worth 1.00
	Worth 1.25
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CHILDREN'S ZEPHYR AND

Flannel Sacques

IN ENDLESS VARIETY.

BEHIND THE SCENES

Story of Maude Granger's Successful Career.

FAME OF THE SUPERB ARTISTE

Her Business Manager, Frank C. Thayer, Gives The Gazette A. M. Palmer's Story of Her Growth and

Development.

Granger's business manager. ac Thayer, a former journalist, is ac Thayer, a former journalist, is no city arranging the preliminaries he lustrous-cyed Mande's appearance for Greenwall opera house the coming ay and Saturday. Mr. Thayer was a GAZETTE representative and told lowing stary of the career of Ameri-catest emotional actress. The name ale Granger calls to mind several of le dramatic successes known w York stage, and with which this woman and superb artiste has

placit with the famous stock com-Palmer was manager of that imple, is her name most pleas-viated as leading lady of the inble of talent ever gathered to-America. There was Clara Easte Claxton, Sara Jewett, Rose e. Agnes Booth and Mande Harrison, whom have since become stars with estion of the two last named, who with Mr. Palmer's company, and ore in Seattle with that company time since. As a souvenir of th Union Square, which was destroyed by two years ago, Mr. Palmer is about to be a book containing a finely engraved of care member of the old company, imile of his or her autograph it will also contain a brief

of the professional career of each The book has not been published The GAZETTE has been enabled to the advance sheets of Miss Granger's r as the famous actress has told it is charming manner.

born at Middleton, Conn., but I ardly reached the estate of young blood when I abandoned the village ecity. I did not bring with me any city. I did not bring with the four for the stare, but somehow, from our for the stare, but somehow, from New York, beginning of my life in New York, be frank about it, I suppose my a knew so little about the stage that

usidered good looks—my only gift sure passport to success. I so myself under the instruction of the Fanny Morant, The 'Amaranths,' at that time, and I made my semi debut as Julia in The Hunchback reformance given in New York at the rof the Union League club. I was more than fifteen years old. Miss brought me to the attention of Mr. r, and one day, by appointment, I lown and recited for him. My little had filled me with a self-confidence perhaps was not justified in any great c. At any rate I got through the rewith perfect self-composure. I couldn't be same thing now, in fact I am fre-tly almost unnerved by the sense of

bility on a first night. Mr. Palmer gave me the promise of emmoult. My first assignment was the part in Mrs. Shooks' play, 'A mrs Heart.' I was later in the 'Go-Cross,' and also in the east that introd Clara Morris to the stage of the Unpuare. During the run of 'Led' il was advanced to the leading part, the illness of Rose Eytinge. This sideed a substantial honor. I appeared in great run of 'The Two Orphans,' and loaned by Mr. Palmer to play Little in the play of that name that George cett Rowe was doing at Booth's thea-At the close of that engagement I left mion Square to go to the Globe in Bosa much larger salary, appearing in t's Broken Hearts. The next sea-was leading lady with John McCulwho talked me into starring on my account, which I did, Rosalind and being the principal parts in my reper-The next season I was called to Wal-and spent a season there in New and went with the company to Cali-

he fore-part of the next season Bartley abell's 'My Partner' was produced at Union Square, and I was selected to the heroine on the stage that had been starting point of my career. 'My Part was a historic success, and especially orable to all directly concerned in it Campbell, bearing in mind my identity
h his first great success, enlisted my
vices in other ventures. I appeared in
production of his play The Galley
ve. with which he made his first substantial morey. For my services I was to receive a share of the profits, and my own recipts frequently ran up to \$1800 a week. I afterward appeared in his 'Fairfax' and

the same cheery spirit and congenial ways. He was the jolliest of authors and a most companionable man with everybody about the theater, ready for a support and a bottle of wine, and he always contributed anecdotes and reminiscences as a relish. When Mr. A. C. Gunter's Two Nights in Rome' was produced at the Union Square I was once more called upon to appear in the leading role at my old dramatic homestead. I may fairly say I brought good fortune to J. K. Tillotson, the author of 'The Planter's Wife.' He came to me with this play, which he wanted me to read. It had been on the road with Joseph Wheelock, Charlotte Thompson and others but without any particular profit. others, but without any particular profit. I selected Harry Lacey for the leading part, and the opportunity brought that young actor into prominence, and all concerned in actor into prominence, and all concerned in the production of "The Planter's Wife' made money out of it. I afterwards brought out Tillotson's "Lynwood," Queena, and last season his 'Two Lives' at Niblo's. My associations with the Union Square theater were of the most pleasant nature." Miss Granger will open her engagement here in her favorite play, "Inherited." This play was written by Mrs. Lucy Hooper and Richard Davey. Both these people are famous in a way.

Mrs. Hooper is the wife of Gen. Robert Hooper, who has been United States vice-censul at Paris for the last fourteen years, and Mrs. Hooper for some years past has been the Paris correspondent for some of America's largest daily papers. Richard Davey is the distinguished critic of the

she will also present her new and latest sne will also present her new and latest success in the emotional line, entitled "Gabrielle." This play is said to offer the fair Maude one of the strongest emotional roles she has ever played, and this is saying a great deal, considering her great success in "Camille," "The Creole" and other heavy pieces of that order. Her engagement her could be successfully be used of the cities over the content of the cities over the content of the cities over the cities over the cities of the cities over the cities of the cities over the cities over the cities of the cities over will certainly be one of the elite events of the year.

The press all through the state speak of her supporting company as one of the best on the road, and she is certainly a very particular little woman on that point.

POOR JONATHAN.

The Story of the Opera and the Working Out of the Plot.

The story of the opera deals entirely with the tribulations of an American millionaire The scenes are laid successively in New York, Monaco and West Point. The first represents the palatial residence of Ruby-goid, the millionaire, who, though sur-rounded by every luxury, is unhappy and discontented. At a birthday fete arranged in his honor, Jonathan, the cook of the household, uses soap instead of raspberry flavoring in the ice cream. Rubygold imagines that Jonathan attempted to poison him and orders his dismissal at once. Har-riet, a medical student and protege of Rubygold, appears and is requested to sing. Upon her refusal, Rubygold tries to tempt her by offering a fabulous sum if she will acquiesce. Quickly an impressario, seeing their discomfiture, makes a flattering offer to Harriet to eschew medicine and become a lyric star. She accepts, leaving Rubygold inconsolable. Jonathan, despondent over the loss of his position, contemplates suicide. While about to consummate the act he is confronted with Rubygold, who has also resolved to end his life. After explanations an agreement is entered into between them, whereby Rubygold transfers his entire fortune to Jonathan, who assumes all of Ruby-gold's responsibilities, and Rubygold starts life anew. Rut there is one condition imposed: Should either party sing or hum the ballad sung by Harriet before parting from Rubygold, it is to be regarded as a signal that Rubygold has tired of life's burdens, and both are to die. Jonathan, once in possession of the wealth, marries his sweetheart Molly, formerly a servant at Rubygold's house. They both depart for Europe, and at Monte Carlo they meet Harriet, now a famons prima donna. Jonathan falls in love with Harriet and Molly receives attentions. ceives attentions from Count Nowalsky Rubygold, deserted by his friends, follows Harriet on her travels, and finally becoming despondent attempts to sing the fatal song, but is prevented from doing so by Jona-than, who is enjoying his great wealth to the extreme limit and has no desire to die. But finally after returning to his country retreat at West Point, where he is ham-pered, traduced and deceived by his alleged friends, Jonathan in a moment of despair and frenzy hums the song. Rubygold, cure of his discontent, and now acting as stew-ard with the family, hears the song and re-claims his fortune. Harriet, who has en-gineered the scheme to disgust Jonathan with his lot, remains with Rubygold, and Jonathan and Molly return to their lowly station.

"HAZEL KIRKE" REVIVED.

Miss Effic Elisler to be Seen Again in He Wonderful Success of the Madison Square Theater.

This interesting play was introduced to the New York public as the opening attraction

other plays. 'The Galley Slave' made Campbell. He had be a knocking about for years, and in good luck or bad he had ... Mr. Mackaye, who is the author of several of the most popular plays now before the public, never before or since achieved the same success as in "Hazel Kirke;" a success due not only to the merit of the truly inter esting, well written and very pure-toned domestic comedy-drama, but also to the selection of the star who was to create the part of "Hazel," and the actors who were to take the characters of "Dunstan," the iron-willed father, and "Pitticus Greene," the comedy character, as well as the balance of the company, for a poor star or a poor support would have undoubtedly rained this, as they have ruined many another

good play.

As "Hazel Kirke" Effic Ellsler is charming and her interesting impersonation of the character did much to originate the enjoy seeing ac sweetly sympathetic actress who, if not exceedingly beautiful, possesses a bright and expressive face that is far more lasting in its power than mere

beauty.

Mr. Couldock's rendering of "Dunstan" is fine. Couldock is an old and experienced actor; one of the old-time stock company actors, soon to become extinct if not speed-ily revived, and his conception of the character is clear and marked. Mr. Frank Weston as "Pitticus Greene" is exceedingly good, and brings natural wit to assist an intensely humorous character.

The balance of the company throughout

are exceptionally good. The piece is pic-turesquely mounted and contains as sequential and interesting a story as ever served a dramatist. The appearance of Effie Ellsler, with C. W. Couldock, Mr. Frank Weston and their powerful company in "Hazel Kirke," will.

without doubt, prove to be the attraction of the season. Will appear at Greenwall's Wednesday night and Thursday night and matinee. A Cleveland paper publishes the follow-ing interesting bit of gossip:
"They do not want to see Effic Ellsler laugh; they want to see her cry," said a petite, bright-eyed little woman of charm-ing manner and tremulous mouth, as she

stood in the wings of the opera house yesstood in the wings of the opera house yes-terday, waiting for the rehearsal to begin. She did not look a day over twenty years old as she stood there arrayed in street cos-tume and without any of the stage appar-ent, either in make, in or conversation and ent, either in make-up or conversation and drifted back into her past triumphs and successes; for surely her life has been a suc-cess. "Yes," she said, "I have returned to my old success and have revived 'Hazel Kirke.' Some people say I am better in tears and all that. In fact, a New York-critic once said that the people wanted to see me cry. About the production I have see me cry. About the production I have no doubt. It will be a success. The heart interest of the piece is aided by the fact that we three who took part in the first production, will be seen in our original roles. Mr. C. W. Couldock, the original 'Dunstan Kirke,' Mr. Frank Weston, the Pittacus Green, and I, of course, in my original role of 'Hazel.' Then we have everything new for 'Hazel Kirke.' New scenery, new fur-niture and new properties, and shall carry everything with us to make the production

worthy one in every way." In talking of her early career, and it was her early career that laid the foundation for the splendid success she has attained, she said; "It was in Cleveland that I made my first bow to the public in the legitimate. playing Ophelia to Mr. Forrest's Hamlet when I was but thirteen years old. I will never forget that night; I was frightened to death, but managed to get through it all right, and the public was good enough to like me, and Mr. Forrest stood in the scenes all through the mad act and watched me Since then I have been here many times and grown to feel that I really own a part of the people. It was here I made my first appearance with Boucicault in the 'Shaughran.'

ittle preparation and really thought I did Asked if she did not think the Cleveland Asked it she did not think the Cleveland public seemed to think the ownership was a sort of partnership affair, she said it might be, and she liked to think so, as it drew her more closely to the people. "When I get to Cleveland," she said, "and get ready for the play, I feel as if I was at home with friends, and the more I come here the more intense the feeling, and the more solid the satisfaction.'

vith only a few hours' study, and here the

the critics praised my work, when I had but

Miss Ellsler (Mrs. Frank Weston when off the stage) is one of the very few stage women who openly admit being married and seem to be proud of the fact. In this, as in everything else, she is purely domestic in her tastes, and speaks of herself and hus-band as if the public did not mind if she was married—in fact, as if it was none of the public's business; that public which seems to enjoy the thought that the favor-ites are wedded to their art and have no time for a divided love. With most women on the stage the fact is kept in the back-ground, but Mrs. Weston is too firmly established as a favorite for it to make the

least difference.

Mrs. Westen is thoroughly domestic in her tastes. Once the theater season is over she drops everything to hie herself to her coty New Jerocy home, where stage, foot-

ights and applause are forgotten until the chilling evenings proclaim the opening of another season. Inheriting talent from her father, and being the youngest and perhaps the only one left of that old and excellent school of stock days, when one had to climb the ladder to reach a place, she has improved that talent until to-day she is at the head, and her name the guarantee of artistic work. In another way, too she belongs to a very In another way, too, she belongs to a very small class, as she is one of the few stage celebrities whose life seems to have run along with rhythmic peace, and who has never found sensational stories an essential to success, and who stands as a living example that such a thing as a successful and happy married life among stage folk is not only a possibility, but may be a certainty.

SALVINI'S WIT.

How It Saved Him From the Impetuou Ire of a Well-Known Leading Lady. "Few people can contemplate to see Sai

vini on the stage, that there was anything witty about him," said W. M. Wilkison, his genial manager, "but such is the case, and to prove it I will tell you a little story: "A few seasons ago," continued Mr. Wilki-son, "Salvini traveled as leading support of a well-known lady star, who is not blessed with the sweetest temper on earth, and who was all the time finding fault with the great actor, who was reaping as much or more praise for his work than was she. One mornt rehearsal the lady was in particular! bad humor and annoyed her handsome lead ing man, until finally some remark of his led her to say: 'Mr. Salvini, you have evidently never been accustomed to the society of ladies'. 'I beg your pardon,' quickly replied Salvini. 'you forget that I was born, had a mother and have a

GOSSIP OF THE FOYERS.

sister.

Horace Wall has become Frank Mayo's The Dora Wiley "Vera" company went to pieces in Vermont last week.

George Lauri and his wife (Marietta Nash) have gone to Australia. Frederick Bryton has returned to New York from a successful tour in California.

Isabella Coe has entirely recovered from her recent illness and is again playing her part in "Niobe." Henry Miller is going to star next season in Lester Wallack's "Rosedale" which Ar-

thur Wallack is reviving. Thomas F. Shea, one of the very clever advance agents, has been engaged by Charles Frohman for the "Jane" company, Charles E. Locke and the Emma Juch opera company are not stranded as reported, but they are on the "ragged edge" all the

Hoyt's "A Hole in the Ground," had a \$1200 opening at Chicago Grand Monday night, and Hattie Harvey was snowed under with flowers. Salvini the younger is in a fair way t

succeed to the prestige and popularity which his father won when he first played in America.

W. H. Daly is rehearsing Anson Pond's new play "A Desperate Man," which is soon to be produced at Philadelphia. E. J. Henley and Julia Arthur in the cast.

George S. Knight visited New York last week and promenaded Broadway with his mother. Physically he is in good health, but he did not recognize his old friends. John R. Rogers brought suit recently against a naughty little London paper called the Hawk from which the Kendals boasted a week since that they had recovered £300 damages, but John was not so lucky, as the

case was dismissed with costs. Few actresses in America have had a more extensive pepularity than that en-joyed by Maude Granger. She is in high favor with theater-goers all over the country. Her interpretation of the principal role in "Inherited" is an excellent one.

-[Dunlop's Stage News. George P. Goodale of the Detroit Free Press has dubbed Will McConnell, the Chicago humorist, "The president of the American Society of Magnificent and Pict uresque Liars," and Will would like to sue for \$50,000 damages, but he is afraid Goodale might prove it.

E. D. Price is directing the tour of Rich ard Mansfield and manages Mrs. Leslie Carter and the production of Audran's musical comedy, "Miss Helyett," besides attending to a few other little things. With him it is like a circus with three rings-something going on all the time, Mr. S. Goodfriend, who does the clever press work for Manager Charles Fohman's

men, and gained his spurs as press agent during the trip around the world with Spalding and Anson's baseball aggregation. "Sinbad" has proved to be one of the most successful productions David Hender-son has ever made. It has just closed a splendid run of several weeks in San Fran-cisce, and it is shortly going back to the Chi-cago opera house, from which it started, for another run. Mr. Henderson enjoys

numerous enterprises, began his journalis-tic career as one of the Sun's bright young

the distinction of being the only manager in the West who has achieved brilliant success in the production of spectacular musical pieces.

Alexander Salvini's talents are not exactly like those of his father. He is more nearly a successor to Charles Fechter, or to what Fechter would have been, had he learned to speak English as his mother tongue. Salvini has had great success du-ring his tour of the South, under the management of W. M. Wilkinson.—[Dunlop's Stage News.

The quiet, clean-cut fun of "The Cadi" grows upon New York theater-goers. Business at the Union Square theater has been remarkably good of late, and, in fact, ever since the devernoss of the work of Mr. Seabrooke personating the whimsical Bill Nye on the stage became apparent.
"The Cadi" is a type of a new order of
play, and the chances are that it will have a monopoly of its own field for some time

There was special interest in the per-formance of "Is Marriage a Failure?" at 'he Amphion in Brooklyn last Tuesday, for Mr. Robson and his leading lady. May Waldron, were married a few hours before the curtain rose. The ceremony was per formed by a magistrate in the governor's room at the New York city hall. Mr. Rob son can have no heartier good-speed than the expression of hope, on the part of his friends, that his married life will be as as happy as his professional life is suc-

The bright and smiling face of Dunlop's Stage News is ever a welcome visitor to the dramatic editor's desk all over this fair and, and the neat little fiver is a great boon to the hard-worked newspaper man. It comes with a breeziness characteristic of the Bohemians whose organ it is, and the dingy editor's den is exhilirated by its visit as the brain of the paragrapher by a draught of sparkling champagne. It prob-ably suffers more mutilation by the remorse-

less scissors than any publication extant. Theater parties promise to be more popu lar this season than ever in large cities. One of the prettiest parties of the Chicago season was called a "violet party," and con-sisted of thirty-three couples, each lady wearing a violet-trimmed hat, a spray of violets in her corsage and each carrying a violet fan. It was as unique as it was beautiful, and has been largely copied in other cities. During the engagement of other cities. During the engagement of Salvini at Chattanooga, where he opened his present Southern tour, a rose party was one of the features of the occupants of the boxes and one that was greatly admired. The fad is a pretty one and one that makes the theater-goers thoroughly enjoy themselves for the novelty of the situation and asure of social companionship tween the acts.

A RAVING MANIAC.

The Accomplice in the Lowe Murders Driven Crazy Through Fear of Sharing the Fate of Lee Green.

Correspondence of the Gazette. Linden, Cass County, Tex.. Nov. 20.— Since the incarceration of Mac Demmons in jail here as an accomplice in the murder of Mrs. J. H. Lowe, he has been very uneasy Mrs. J. H. Lowe, he has been very uneasy that a mob would visit him and inflict the same punishment as was received by Lee Green, which punishment he was an eye witness to. He of course asserts his innocence, which is believed in by some of the citizens of the county. Yesterday some one informed him of the new evidence, as reported in metal-vision. ported in yesterday's GAZETTE. It so upon his mind that last night he a raving maniac, and is now perfectly wild and possesses the strength of several men. He prized a piece of iron from the cell that would require the strength of many men and knocked a ceilmate down and otherwise bruised up the other prisoners. Sheriff Lanier has him tied to the cell and he is as vicious as a maniac generally gets.

VELASCO.

The Delayed Rails Looked For To-Day. Road to be Completed Before the Sale.

Correspondence of the Gazette. VELASCO, BRAZORIA COUNTY, TEX., NOV. 18.—The indications are that the Velasco sale will be heavy. Prospectors are arriving daily. The delayed rails are expected Sunday or Monday. The contractors have guaranteed three miles of track per day which, without accident, will easily plete the road before the sale. It is very cold here. There was some ice this morn-ing. The Virginia editors will be here Sunday morning.

Fire in Syracuse. STRACUSE, N. Y., Nov. 21,-A curred in the dime museum in the Bastea-ble block and spread rapidly. Several stores were burned. Damage to the build-ings and goods is nearly \$100,000.

TOMMIE PANTS.

How His Father Got Even With Corporations.

TEN DOLLARS A FRONT FOOT

For Rich Meadow Grass-Chunks of Wisdom on Many Things Now Agitating the Public Mind-A Poem Ex quisite on Thanksgiving Day.

You see several years ago my pa sorter

flue the track on politics for a while and joined the Farmur's Liance or the Maude Graingers, or somethin like that, and went

to farmin', and that's how we got our start.

TEXABEANA, TEX., Nov. 19, 1891.

My pa, he's pretty slick when it comes to skeamin', and rite after the railroad was bilt close to our house pa he used to lay around the court house a heap listnin' to the damadge sutes bein' tryed there, 'cause he said it looked like everybody in our county was bein' damadged by that roud in one way and another and gettin' somethin' outen the company for it every time, and he sorter wanted to ketch on. Pa said he knowed in his own mind he couldn't get nothin' on account of damagin' our place 'cause rite after the road was bilt a man ofcause rite after the road was bilt a man offered him four times what it was worth before, but he said he thought if he had a
medder and could get the grass burnt off
he could naturally lift the company outen
their boots—and he did. Pa he was chairman of the Demokrat klub, but he sent in
his quittin paper, statin that his heith
was ill and that he was convinced of the
error of his ways and means, and then he
joined the "Agrykultural Farmurs Klub"
and went to abusin everyhody else and somed the "Agrykultural Farmin's Killy and went to abusin' everybody else, and sowed our yard in clover or millet or somethin like that, and 'long in the fall here comes the grasshoppers and lites onto it, and it looked like they'd get it all before the cars ever set fire to it; but one evenin' there are the cars every set fire to it; but one evenin' there are the cars every set fire to it; but one evenin' shure enuff a spark lit in it and here it went, grasshoppers and all. My pa, and me and my ants all got brooms and went out and beat the fire the best we could but we couldn't put it out, and it looked like the broom brigade out there showin' off on dress parade, only it bein' tolerable lait in the eveni' we didn't any of us have nothin' but our dishabilities on. Next day my pa he went to see Sickem & Downem, attor-neys and herestoes at law and they here a eys and barrators at law and, they brot a pein' \$10 a front foot for all four sides of our 100x100 ft. medder and \$1000 for the grasshoppers, 'cause my ants all swore their mockin' bird, "Dick," was worth that much, and they said that he died 'cause the grasshoppers all got burnt up so they couldn't ketch none for him outen our

Pa has about quit farmin' now and thinks he will get a job as alderman from our ward on the Demokrat ticket, 'cause he says he knows in his own mind he is as good a financer as any of 'em, and can show 'em how to get in all the skrip the kurbstone how to get in all the skrip the kurbstone broakers has bot up at reduced raits, by makin' an assimment and makin' him Trustee, 'cause now that his cotton crop aint showin' up much he's got lots o' time and can do it cheap. You see Pa he read in The Gazette as how the best way to farm suckcessfully was to have small crops and tend 'em well; so he got a pint of cotton seed and planted 'em in our medder in rows three feet apart, with a nice strait stick for three feet apart, with a nice strait stick for every plant to grow up on, and one seed to every stick, so he wouldn't have to thin it out. Some of 'em came up real nice, but my old Gote got away with 'em about as fast as they came up, so Pa said he reck-oned it wouldn't be worth while pickin' any cotton this year, speshally as the man that sold him the seed made a mistake and gave cuckoled burrs instead of cotton seed. The man says they will come up next season if we will only wait, and that they will be fine for my gote.

There aint goin' to be no school next

Thursday, 'cause Prof. Numbskull says its Thanksgivin' Day and everybody order be mitey thankfull that it aint any worse with em than what it is 'cause it mite be a hear worse, and we mite have been somebod, else and had to live in Dallas and drink tha water: and he told all of us to ask our folks at home what Thanksgivin' was for, and I asked Pa, and Pa he said it was to celebrate the New York Election, he reckoned, and when I told the Prof. he sorter got hot like, he bein a Publickan from Massy-chewsits, and he said I had a good solid chewsits, and he said I had a good solid head on me, like a pin, and that I mite stand up 'longside o' my chum who was doin' duty 'cause when he was sayin' a Histry lesson and the teacher asked him who lost their head durin' Queen Eliza-beth's rain, he said—"John the Baptist on a Charger." Poor Bub, he just got his Sunday School lesson mixed up with his temporary affairs and didn't mean any harm any more than I did when the Prof. asked me what great lady lent her jewelry to her Uncle to raise money to give Columbus to discover America on, and one of the big girls whispered "Annie Rooney," to me and I said it. They all liked to dide, and Prof. he said as how if I kept on I'd and Prof. he said as now in 1 kept on 10 soon have as much sense as my Pa. My chum, he says if the Prof. don't quit makin' 'em stand up 'cause they aint got no sense he'll have to hang out an "S. R. O." sign like Mr. Greenwall did at the Fort Worth Opera House the nite we went up there to see Sol Smith Russell and somebody got into our preserved seats in the namebute. into our preserved seats in the parachute my chum says he'll be jim-wiggled if he didn't feel sorter diaphoresis rite at first, but the gentlemanly usher found his seat for him just as soon as we pointed it out to him and showed up our cowpends for the fourteenth time. Talkin' about theaters, you see my Pa has been takin' THE GAZETTE longer than I can remember and he beleves everything he reads in it; so the other day when he read as how Brady was when he read as how Brady was goin' to show the "Bottom of the Sea," at the Fort Worth Opera House Pa said he thought he would run up there and take it in, 'cause he knowed in his own mind that he'd see McGinty, and he had a curiosity to see how he looked after being down there so long. Pa, he went on to say as how he read in THE GAZETTE some time ago that McGinty went down to the bottom of the sea, dressed in his best Sunday clothes, and that he must be mitey wet, 'cause they hadn't found him yet, and pa towards his brother Able, and I reckon he said he might not get another good chance to see him; so pa, he wrote to Mr. Green-wall and he sent pa a ticket marked: "Good for one seat in the Bottom of the Sea on payment of \$1." and pa got all reddy to go, when Ant Calamity—she's always in trouble—had a axident, and pa missed seein' McGinty. You see, my Ant Calamity, she was ridin' in a hoss car 'longside of a man that was carryin' of a keg of Ohio cider that's made down there in Fort Worth an'.

that's made down there in Fort Worth, an

the bung flew outen the keg and put a fresko decoration right on her left eye that

looked like it mite have been a han'-painted

lambrequin, and now anty has got one blue eye and one black eye, an' would make a good-lookin freek for a dime museum. Pa,

he gave up his trip to Fort Worth and went to see Ketchem & Skinem, (his other law-yers that got the damages for our medder

burnin' bein' on a five years' visit to Cher

burnin' bein' on a five years' visit to Cherokee county, Texas) and they brot a sute for \$100,000 damages against the hoss car company. They told pa as how it was mitey lucky that things was just as they were, 'cause if the keg had flown outen the bung and blacked antys eye; or if anty had flown outen the keg and blacked the eye of the bung; or if the bung had flown outen anty's eye and blacked the keg; or if the black had flown outen a'nty's eye an' bunged the keg, why she couldn't have got

bunged the keg, why she couldn't have got any damages; but bein' a simple case like it was, they said if anty could get it before a

jury and then prove an alibi, and show em' that the hoss car company was a corporos-ity, why there was no tellin' what

was damaged any or not. The lawyers they told Pa as how they got forty thousand dollars for a man that slipped up on a streak of molasses and sprained his heel, 'cause the store where it happened belonged to a cinderkate without any sole, and the jury put it to em. 'Pears to me like the jury put it to em. 'Pears to me like Prof. Numbskull don't like me so well as he used to, and he's quit philanderin' around our house so much ever since one evenin' when he up and asked my Pa how he lost his leg. You see, poor Pa, he's awful tuchus and sensitive about that left leg of his and nobody that knows him rite well ever and nobody that knows him rite well ever says anything to him about it 'cause they know it sorter riles him; so when the Prof. looked sorter squint-eyed over to where my Pa was readin' The GAZETTE and asked him how he lost his leg. Pa looked up over his paper and said if he wouldn't ask any more questions he'd tell him, and the Prof. more questions he'd tell him, and the Prof. he said he would never mention the subject again. "Well, then," says Pa sorter smilin' and settlin' down to his readin' again, "it was bit of." It was so still in the room you could have heard a gum drop, and all ten of my anis looked at each other and Ani Deuteronomy Pants, she's sorter young and giddy, she riggied out loud, and the Prof. he said he said he had an engagement and took his hat and left and he's wonderin' till yet. I pecken what bit Pa's vonderin' till yet, I reckon, what bit Pa's All my ants, they liked to went wild All my ants, they liked to went wild when they read in Ture Gazerrz he withe girls up to Hardin college celebrated Hal-loween, and they all talked it over with Pa, 'cause my Pa he's a good man and he knows something about most anything you never heard of, and Pa he told 'em as how it you don't make any difference if it wasn't. it wouldn't make any difference if it wasn't the right nite, and they might try their for-tunes and perhaps get a look at their futura husbands, shough l'a said they better throw

open the slidlu' doors 'cause if all ten of 'em mad a felier to come they couldn't all get into one room. So we had a big time that nite and played more games, and there was lots o'reab and my chain come over and brot about fourteen donuts, and Ant Canda Samyna, she's an awful hog, she eat six donuts and four big pickles and a hunk of cheese and swilled down three glasses of lemonald and four cups of coffee, and contract the contract of the contr and you never did see such cuttin, up in your born days, and it was after 12 o'clock when we all went to bed; but none of 'em never saw nothin, 'ceptin,' my Ant Canda Samyna, and she set up an orfull howl and waked the whole place up, includin,' my gote that bellowed like a kuff, and she says the classification was the man she she drather die than marry the man she saw; she says that feller on the front page of Ayres Ager Cure almanax, with the snaix and gotes and fishes and crabs and such like all around him and nothin' on him to speak of, aint a cirkumstance. Pa, ne carrier emisted and your took property sorter quieted anty and told her maybe she mite have eaten somethin', and said it mate have come from puttin' a No. 6 supper in a No. 2 stumack, and he gave her a bottle of No. 2 stumack, and he gave her a bottle of Perry Davisis Pane Killer and she was all rite the next mornin', but didn't want much breakfast. None of the balance of us didn't see nothin', but we all caught an orfull cold that nite, 'cause you see my Pa he always likes to keep up with the times as much as he can, and just before that last norther when a feller come along sell'in' patent heatin' stoves and explained it all to my Pa how one of them stoves would save iny Pa how one of them stoves would save half the fuel used in the kind we had, why Pa said he'd take two of 'em and save all the fuel; so he sold our old stoves to a second-hand man and put up the new ones, thinkin' if one of them would save half the fuel two of 'em would save it all, and he never had no coal sent down, and that's how we all got such a cold. My Pa, he says that stove man is a frawd and for everybody who reads THE GAZETTE to look out for him and not to believe him about them new-fangled stoves. We are all mitey them new-fangled stoves. We are all mitey sorry about my Ant Lavender Pants ketchin' such a cold 'cause you see she's got a loud and unusual voice and takes to singing' a right smart, and Pa he says as how it mite do her voice up for singin'. None of us knowed what a voice Anty had till the piano tuner come to tune the piano next door to us, and Anty bein' over there and sorter friskin' around the young man he asked her to sing for him, and she cild and it pleased him so much that he laffed right out loud and told Anty by all means to hold onto that voice of hers till he come come around again and he'd tune it for her come around again and he'd tune it for ber and not charge a cent. Well, Anty she was sorter stuck up about it for awhile and kept hintin' to Pa about an organ and vocal lessons and such like and one day here comes Pa and an express wagon and Pa comes in and says, says he: "Here, girls, is your organ," and shure enuff here come the express man luggin' an old hand organ and Pa said as how he got it cheap at an auction sale, and all it needed was a new crank and it would play as good as new. All my ants liked to pfainted and fell back in it when they saw that old thing, and Ant Lavencer she told Pa that he would do splendid for a crank, and Ant Mollie (she's sorter educated and funny like) she said mebby Pa could act the monkey, and they made so much fuss that Pa dumped the old orgain out in the wood house and my old gote butted the hind sites offen it and got one of his horns stuck in the inwards of the thing and ka-vorted and beliered like a kaff till a big policeman that was asleep on the next corner come runnin' up and wanted to know what number the alarm was turned in from. Poor Pa, he said he thought an organ was an organ, and if he got one with a crank to it the whole family could play on it without takin' musick lessons, but the girls wouldn't have it and it burt Pa's feelings.

Some of my Pa's lady friends in Fort Worth sent him a pretty bunch of roses yesterday, and you orter seen how proud he was of 'em, and he wouldn't let me and my ants tuch 'em nor hardly look at 'em; and he stuck 'em in a wash-bowl full of water over nite so they'd keep and sat up half the nite ritin' some pretty verses; my Ant Mol-lie she sneaked 'em out and copied 'em, and here they are:

So I send them By the Mall: Them roses Was red and Mity sweet and so is Sugar and you're Another. Yours paregorically, NICHODEMUS PANTS." Aunty she says the first two lines is pretty good, but the balance is as bad as them flowers, 'cause after Pa went to bed we sneaked 'em out to look at 'em, and come to

"my hart Feldt thanks I can't Express.

find out they was tishue paper roses and all soked full of water, and we threw 'em out to my gote and told Pa the cat eat 'em up, and he b'leved it and liked to knocked the stuffin outer poor old Tom.

My chum is gettin' well, and I think a heap of him, and never havin' had any brother 'ceptin' my auns, I feel towards him sorter like I allow Kane must have feit

returns it; mebby some of you have red Next Wednesday we're goin' to say peaces and read essays at school, and they've of-fered a prize for the best "Ode to Thanks-giving," and I wrote mine, and I hop

mebby I'll get the prize: ODE TO THANKSGIVING Thanksgiving is a bully day, And though it may be murkey, We ought to chase duli care away And gobble up the turkey.

I'd hate to be a turkey hen, So sick I couldn't wobble, And then be shut up in a pen For hungry tolks to gobble.

But then it ain't no use to wale— That hen should thankful be— She mite have frozen off her tale

Of course, you know, some folks there be, Who always have the sulks, And float around life's troubled sea Like worthless, worn-out hulks.

But such, who think that life's all jars, And that their cross is bigger That all the rest, mite thank their stars They wasn't born a nigger.

Everybody order be thankful for somethin'. Please don't forget me to THE GAZETTE girls.

LITTLE TOMMIE PANTS.